

"It is useless disguising facts. My husband had forged his employer's signature to a bill for fifteen hundred dollars; it had still some months to run, and he had come home, hoping to raise the sum. He told me there was no escape for him; they would search the world through to find him if it should be discovered.

"I do not know if the tale were true or false. I believed it then, and trembled for the unworthy life I had once held so dear. I had saved five hundred dollars. I told him I would give him that. His father and brother both refused to see him or to allow him even a cent. They were tired of covering his delinquencies, and resolved to leave him to his fate.

"When I left the house to go to meet my husband, I did not open the hall door. I unfastened the drawing-room windows, and passed out there. It was a dark night; and, when I promised Allen to give him the money, he walked with me to the place of my egress, and stood there, waiting against the half-closed shutters, while I went to fetch him all I had. When I returned, he was still standing where I left him. I thought even then he seemed confused, and anxious to be gone. As he was leaving me, I suddenly remembered I was quite penniless. "Allen," I said, "leave me a few dollars. I have no money left."

"I saw him take from his pocket a large black purse, from which he hastily drew the twenty dollar note, and, without another word, went rapidly away.

"I refastened the window-shutters, and returned to my own room. I knew nothing whatever of the bracelet or purse being left in the drawing-room. Even when I heard they had disappeared, I never dreamed of Allen in connection with them, never for one moment. Could I think my baby's father a thief?"

"When you asked me on that miserable morning where that note came from, for the first time it all flashed into my mind. Allen gave it to me; therefore he must have taken it. I remembered his confusion, his haste to be gone, and my heart died within me. I would not, to save myself, betray him, for I loved him.

"You will think it strange that I never looked at the note; but so it was. I had it in my possession six weeks, and yet never once examined it. My mind was full of other things.

"Last year poor Allen died in my arms. He confessed all to me, how he had taken both money and bracelet, and had by mistake given me the stolen note instead of, as we both thought, returning one of my own. He died in my arms, and begged of me now to clear myself. I will do so, as in a few days I shall be with my baby in heaven!"

A few more lines thanked us for our kindness, and bade us adieu. Many memories live with us; but none more beautiful, or held more dear, than that of OUR GOVERNOR.

A Chinese Will.

A Chinaman died, leaving his property by will to his three sons, as follows: To Fum-Hum, his eldest, one-half thereof; Nu-Pin, his second son, one-third thereof, and to Ding-Bat, his youngest, one-ninth thereof. When the property was inventoried, it was found to consist of nothing more than seventeen elephants; and the boys applied to a wise neighbor, Sam-Punk, for advice. Sam Punk had an elephant of his own. He drove it into the yard with the seventeen and said: "Now we will suppose that your father left these eighteen elephants. Fum-Hum, take your half and depart." So Fum-Hum took nine elephants and went his way. "Now, Nu-Pin," said the wise man, "take your third and git." So Nu-Pin took six elephants and traveled. "Now, Ding-Bat," said the wise man, "take your ninth and begone." So Ding-Bat took two elephants and absquatulated. Then Sam-Punk took his own elephant and drove home again. Query—Was the property divided according to the terms of the will?

In a Horn.

One Christmas day, some years ago, some rather fast young fellows hired horses from a livery stable in the town of G—, and determined to have a good time generally. One of the horses never recovered from the effects of the ride, and the livery-man sued the rider for the value of him. The lawyer for the plaintiff was an ex-judge. He was a good lawyer, but fond of his toddy. He was trying to prove by one of the witnesses that all were drunk, and commenced by asking him:

"Where did you stop first after leaving the livery stable?"

"We stopped at Michael —'s."

"Did you take a horn there?" asked the judge.

"Yes."

"Where did you stop next?"

"At the — Gardens."

"Did you take a horn there?"

"Yes."

"Where did you stop next?"

"At the Four-Mile House."

"Did you take a horn there?"

"By this time the witness began to smell a rat. "Horn!" says he; "I want to know what has a horn got to do with this case. I suppose because you are a drinking kind of fellow yourself, you think that every other body is drunk."

You ought to have heard the explosion which shook the court room. The ex-judge did not ask the witness any more questions.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

"WHENEVER I see a rat-trap," said Dick Waverley to me, as we passed a magnificent hardware store in Sixth avenue, in the show-window of which was displayed among other things, a rat-trap "it reminds me of an incident that occurred when I was a clerk in a Binghamton dry goods store. The establishment had once been successfully entered by burglars, who made the visit a very costly one to the owner of the goods. To prevent a repetition of such visits, I was offered a slight increase in my salary if I would agree to sleep in the store at night. I was a bachelor then, and accepted the offer, making my couch on a cot bed in a small compartment in the rear of the salesroom.

"I had occupied this room as a sleeping chamber for three months without experiencing any incident worthy of note, when one night, some two hours after I had retired, I was awakened by hearing a slight rasping sound. Rising quietly in the bed, I listened attentively a few moments, and had no doubt that something unusual was about to occur. Noiselessly I arose from my bed, took my revolver from under my pillow, and in my bare feet crept in the direction whence the sound seemed to come.

"On tip-toe I cautiously entered the salesroom, and there the rasping sound was loud enough to indicate at once the very spot where the work was going on. It was the door leading from the store to the cellar, which, by the way, was infested with rats. Sometimes the rats would make their way to the store, and to give them a fitting reception a steel trap, properly baited, was nightly placed near the hole through which it was supposed they entered. The hole was at the jamb of the door at the head of the cellar stairs, and the trap, with a chain about four feet long, was there deposited invitingly open, and to save the vermin the trouble of rambling further in quest of food. The chain was fastened to a staple fixed in the subbase, so that when a rat was not instantly guillotined, and lingered long in the clutches of the spikes which impaled him, he could not wriggle off to a corner where the trap might not readily be found.

"As I approached the door, I could see by the glare of the single gaslight which we always kept burning at night, the point of a saw about four inches long, and not more than two inches in width at its broadest part. This saw was being rapidly worked by some unseen power, and it was evident that the object was to make a hole large enough to admit a human hand, that it might withdraw the strong bolt which prevented the opening of the door.

"In a few moments I noticed the narrow blade bobbing in and out. My first idea was to wait until the bolt was withdrawn, then boldly confront the burglar, with my revolver cocked for instant use. Then, fearing that the man who was sawing might have accomplices who would not hesitate to commit murder to prevent capture, I was about to hasten to the front door, pass out, and give the alarm, when I espied the rat-trap on the floor, and a novel idea at once suggested itself.

"I was standing at the side of the door, having taken this position to screen myself, deeming it likely that the operator on the other side of the door might place his eye to the aperture was making, to see if the coast were clear.

"Cautiously lifting the trap, I held it in my left hand, with the revolver in my right, both ready for use.

"Rasp! rasp! rasp! The saw continued its movements, and as I peeped over the side of the door-frame I could see that the instrument was rapidly making a circle, about four inches in diameter. When the circle was nearly completed the saw was drawn in, and a knife-blade chipped off a small strip of the wood.

"Then I saw one finger enter. The object was to seize the circular piece, and prevent it from falling to the floor on the outside.

"The wood readily split, and the piece which was broken off was carefully taken inside. Then another piece, and so on until the hole was perfect.

"Then I observed a human hand, the fingers of which began to grope for the bolt.

"Now for the trick, I thought, as I nervously extended my left hand, which held the trap, toward the aperture, but a little below it to prevent its being seen.

"Slowly the trap was moved, ready for a favorable opportunity to give the burglar's hand a warm clasp.

"The moment I saw the fingers extended I plunged the trap at them, and the hand entered to the wrist.

"Click! The spring was touched, the trap sprang, and a human hand was impaled! The burglar was caught—caught in the act! He on one side of the door and his captor on the other.

"A groan of agony followed as the spikes pierced the man's flesh, and he attempted to withdraw his hand; but the hole he had made, although large enough to admit the entrance of a man's hand, was not of sufficient dimensions to permit the passage of a rat-trap.

"He groaned, and muttered terrible oaths, but his profanity and wailings were useless. All his efforts to withdraw his hand, proved unavailing.

"Feeling assured that he was securely held in this uncomfortable position, I hastened to the street door, unlocked it, and shouted for assistance. An officer soon came, and when I had conducted him to the cellar stairs, I withdrew the bolt, opened the door, and discovered the culprit who had to follow the door as it swung against the wall. He was a man of about thirty seven, heavily built, with short-cropped red hair, a face of villainous aspect, and his features deeply indented with small pox. Before taking the trap from his hand, which bled profusely from five different punctures, the officer searched his pockets, and found therein two Derringer pistols, a long dirk, and a number of burglar's tools.—Having disarmed him, his hand was released from the trap, and he was conducted to the police station.

"It was afterwards discovered that he had entered the cellar from a window in the rear, having opened the shutters in the same manner as he was attempting to practice when caught.

"A trial followed some weeks after, he was convicted and for five years became a pattern of propriety in a public institution, never leaving his own chamber unless with the consent of his keepers, and otherwise leading such an exemplary life that for the time mentioned, through compulsion, he became a reformed man. Whether his reformation continued after his release from prison I am unable to state.

A Domestic Scene.

A PARASOL tassel is a very small thing to create a difficulty in a man's family, yet, insignificant as it is in itself, did cause much domestic trouble out in the west-end last summer. The night was warm, as many who were tossing about in ineffectual efforts to sleep may remember. Taking a stroll on the streets about eleven o'clock, to see what we could see, we came upon a discordant couple, man and wife evidently, who were so earnestly engaged in a family dispute between themselves that they didn't observe us; so we stopped and observed them. They were of unmistakable Teutonic origin. The husband, stubborn and morose, was seated on the door-step of a planing mill, and the wife was standing on the side-walk in front of him, emptying imaginary vials of wrath upon his head, varied with female lamentations and pleadings used upon such occasions, all of which he received with occasional remonstrance. "Only two years married already," said the indignant wife, "and you running round mit de girls, pooty quick. You ought to be ashamed mit mine self. Unt here is the leedle parasol tassel vot I found in your pocket. Yust sich a leedle tassel vot Catrina von Trump's parasol don't have got all'e while. Vot you got to say to dose?" "Vot I got to say?" returned the husband, in a tone of injured innocence. "Vot I tole you already, vot I always tole you, and vot I never tell you some what I live, and always will! I tole you I found the leedle borasol tassel at the pase pall grounds, and that's more's what's the matter."

The wife would not accept the explanation, but continued to accuse him of connubial dereliction, although the only evidence she seemed to have on hand was the parasol tassel. At length another actor appeared on the scene. He proved to be a neighbor of theirs, and although he came strolling along, whistling in an indifferent manner, as if on no purpose bent, it was apparent that he had sought them with the view of effecting a reconciliation and getting them home.

"Hallo, Hans, vas this you?" said the new comer, acting as though much surprised at finding him there, "you are pooty late out, ain't it? Why you no go home?"

"I don't go home any more, that's why I ain't out pooty quick late," replied Hans, gloomily.

The neighbor inquired the reason of their difficulty, which Mrs. Hans was not slow to give, exhibiting the suspicious tassel. "What!" said the neighbor in astonishment, "a leedle tassel dis does make all dese difficulties? Vy, I picks up heaps of does leedle tassels at the pase pall grounds effry tay vot I don't go down there. Got tozzens—tousands ef 'em at home, I guess not. Von leedle borasol tassel! Vell, you youst like to see my bureau drawers full of dose tassels vot I tells you, unt my frau she likes um, unt says it's bully. Von leedle tassel makes all dis troubles. Vell, if I hadn't ouf believed it I never would have seen it." He continued in this strain, and finally made out that every married man in the neighborhood had bushels of "leedle borasol tassels" which they picked up at the base ball grounds, conveying the idea that the air fairly rained tassels wherever there was a throng of ladies to witness a base ball match. The woman, at length, became moderately pacified, and consented to go home, forgetting and forgiving, if Hans would; and Hans, after an amount of grumbling and hesitation, which injured feelings seemed to demand, consented, and they went home; the well-meaning, but somewhat extravagant neighbor still dwelling upon the heap of parasol tassels he had himself accumulated at the "pase pall grounds."—Cincinatti Times.

One of Niagara's Swindles.

A CORRESPONDENT of a New York paper tells his back experience at the big cataract as follows:

You can buy ten cents worth of anything at Niagara by just paying one dollar for it.

This is the greatest place in the world for bridal couples. They are all very susceptible, and all green. I'll tell you something about a bride couple, not a bridal couple. A pair of hack horses are a bride couple, and it's about a pair of hack horses I have to write. A fellow who had one of these teams started a conversation with me thusly:

"Take a ride?" "No." "To Goat Island?" "No." "Lunar Island?" "No." "Suspension Bridge?" "No." "Rapids?" "No." "Whirlpool?" "No." "Devil's Hole?" "No." "Horse Shoe Falls?" "No." "Clifton House?" "No."

You see I'd been to all those places, and I didn't care much to go to them some more. I hadn't been to Lundy's Lane, and when he said "Lundy's Lane," says I, "Who is Lundy?"

"Why," said he, "there is where the American eagle soared aloft, and with one fell swoop plucked a tuft from the mane of the British lion."

"No," said I.

"Yes," said he.

"Have they preserved the tuft?" I asked.

He said they had.

"What has become of old Lundy?" said I.

"Alas," he replied, "he sleeps beneath the sod."

Says I, "How much to do, Lundy?"

"Well," says he, "seeing it's you, I'll take you there for a dollar, and you could not go for less than that in a wheelbarrow."

I got into his vehicle, and by and by we got to what he called Lundy's Lane. It was two or three patches of grass with rail fences around them, one brindle cow with a fence around her, and a country road. The driver said he guessed I had better pay. So I gave him a dollar bill, painted green on the back.

"Why," said he, "we are in Canada, and I want gold."

Says I, "I hain't got no gold."

He saw I was a sickly-looking cuss what had come to the Falls for my health. So he squared himself and doubled up two fists that looked like lager-beer kegs, and said:

"You little withered cuss, you, if you don't come down with a quarter, I will punch your snoot."

My snoot feels better when it ain't punched; so I came down with the quarter. Then I said: "I guess I've got enough of Lundy," and I went to get in his wagon, when he yelled out:

"What in thunder are you doing?"

I said "Getting in."

"Well," said he, "that is cool. You had better get out again darned quick."

Then he broke the news to me very gently that he had agreed to bring me out for a dollar and the price for going back would be five dollars.

"No," said I.

"Yes," said he.

"Then I'll walk said I.

"Walk and be darned," said he.

He got upon his old rattle-box, and commenced to move, and I commenced to move. I looked like a twelfth of a dozen mourners at a one-hack funeral. He talked to me thusly:

"Hot, ain't it? Ever see so much dust before? Going to shower soon?"

Up came the clouds and down came the rain. I had walked a mile, and I said, "I guess I'll get in." I gave him five dollars.

Said he, "give me another dollar."

I told him he agreed to take me for five dollars.

"Oh," said he, "it was pleasant then, but you see it is raining now."

I gave him the money, and finally reached the hotel, and I don't take no hacks no more.

A Shrewd Beggar.

A gentleman, while walking with two ladies through one of the principal streets of Liverpool, saw a beggar approach. One of the ladies, who had evidently seen the medicant before, said—"This is the man I have heard of. No matter how much money you give him, he always returns the change, and never keeps more than a penny." "Why, what a fool he must be!" remarked the gentleman. "But I'll try him, and put him to little trouble." So saying, the gentleman drew from his pocket a sovereign, which he dropped into the beggar's hat. The medicant turned the coin over two or three times, examined it closely, and then, raising his eyes to the countenance of the benevolent man, said—"Well, I'll not adhere to my usual custom in this case. I'll keep it all this time; but don't do it again." The donor opened his eyes in astonishment and passed on—while the ladies smiled with delight.

A Medical Experiment.

A curious experiment was tried in Russia with some murderers. They were placed, without knowing it, in four beds where four persons had died of the cholera. They did not take the disease. They were then told that they were to sleep in beds where some persons had died of malignant cholera; but the beds were, in fact, new and had not been used at all. Nevertheless three of them died of the disease within four hours.

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